

## The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 52 to 62 Park Row, New York.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 47.....NO. 15,545.

## GAMBLING AND GRAFT.

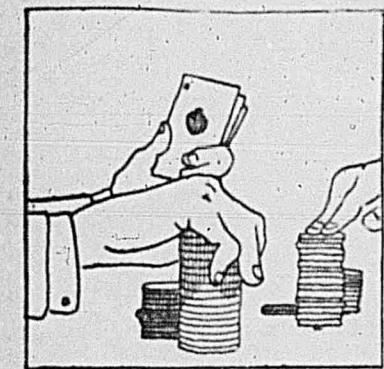
Present investigation of the poolrooms and gambling-houses will disclose little which everybody conversant with New York life does not already know. That there are poolrooms and gambling-houses, and that their proprietors pay license fees to the police and to politicians, are admitted facts.

The Grand Jury may be able to find legal evidence and make public the names which are already on the tip of every one's tongue.

Gambling is nothing new. It has always existed. It exists now in London, Paris and Berlin as in New York, under the Indian's wigwag or the Zulu's hut, as well as in "The" Allen's or in the roped arena on Broad street or behind the marble pillars of the Stock Exchange.

Notwithstanding all the laws against it and its specific prohibition by the Constitution of this State it is doubtful whether the majority of men in New York are really opposed to gambling. It is very doubtful whether two men in every three do not now and then gamble.

Gambling is "to risk money or other possession on an event, chance or contingency." The contingency is of the same nature, whether it is the drop of the roulette ball, the



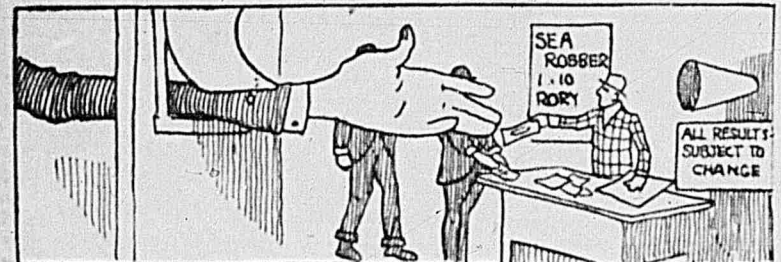
ticker quotations of U. P. or Nipissing or the results of a horse race.

The difference between gambling and legitimate risk is readily understood, though difficult of definite definition. The farmer in planting his crops takes the risk of the season and the market price, but to take the risk is a necessary incident to the object of his endeavors. The miller who buys wheat for flour, or the cloth manufacturer who buys cotton to spin, often sells a future contract for the same amount. This diminishes his risk. The man who buys this contract may be gambling; the miller is not.

Even from what is generally called gambling the dictionary definition excludes alike the man who operates a roulette wheel by hidden springs and E. H. Harriman in his recent U. P. stock deal. To constitute gambling there must be the risk of losing. The crooked faro dealer takes no risk, neither does the railroad magnate. They are not real gamblers, but sure-thing men.

Common as gambling has always been, there have always been laws against it. The old Roman code prohibited gambling. The English law goes so far as to make the presence of buzzers, steel doors and secret signals presumptive proof that the premises are used as a gambling-house. Under the old common law a gambling-house is a public nuisance.

Evidently not gambling itself, but the manner of conducting it, is what the community disapproves. If it should appear that the police and city officials extorted blackmail from the stock brokers who have roped off part of Broad street for their gambling, the public would be quick to clamor against such a partnership of public officials with crime.



That is the real objection to poolrooms. They cannot exist without police connivance. The police do not connive without being paid for it. The rumors that certain city officials have been allowed to gamble on markers, to collect when they win and to forget it when they lose, are most provocative of public indignation.

The issue is not of gambling. So long as cards are printed, dice are cut and the Stock Exchange keeps open, police or no police, there will be gambling in some form.

But any form of gambling which corrupts politics, demoralizes the police and pays protection money to city officials should be abolished, not so much because it is gambling as because it is dirty graft.

## Letters from the People.

## 52 Worth of Work for \$1.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I don't agree that the man who would succeed must be the one who is willing to do 52 worth of work for \$1. I myself have been always ahead of time at my work and have had more work heaped upon me than my fellowmen, and have always done it cheerfully. If there is some work to be rushed they will always make sure to give it to the one that does it quickly and satisfactorily, and that is why the Easy Mark, as he is called, gets it and the sporty boy with the brilliant schemes, and the pull or backing from the man higher up, succeeds sometimes. But when the real worker asks higher wages he is told: "Your position is not worth any more, but perhaps later on," etc. The best thing then is to get out, for vague promises don't count.

To a certain extent, once or twice, and is said to have been a paying investment. It is worth a trial.

P. W. DACRE, JR.

A Man.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING WORLD:

Is F. Marion Crawford, the author, a man or a woman?

ALEX. M. SHAPIRO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING WORLD:

It ever the nail was hit on the head, it was in discussing the subject of the discovery of the North Pole, so ably set forth recently in your columns by Igné M.M. Money has been spent, great suffering undergone, and lives lost, and all to what end? An utter absurdity! I have been to sea and have always taken this view of the matter. It appears to me that some of our Arctic explorers go on these expeditions partly to get the spot-light turned on them.

THE NORTH POLE AND TIMELIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING WORLD:

I suggest that there should be a school or course of study for training young men who wish to marry who be handy about the house and save money and do marketing. This is not a joke.

INTENDED.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS, COOPER UNION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING WORLD:

Where can I get free tuition in singing or at nominal rates? I am sixteen, and have a very good voice. People who hear me sing call me the "Record Caruso." But as I am in poor circumstances I cannot afford to take lessons.

AL. SMITH.

COST OF LIVING IN IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING WORLD:

I would like to hear from Irish people who have had experience and who can tell me if a family of three could live comfortably in the North of Ireland on an income of £20 a year. Could they live and pay rent on that amount and be as well off as here on \$20 a year income?

A. R.

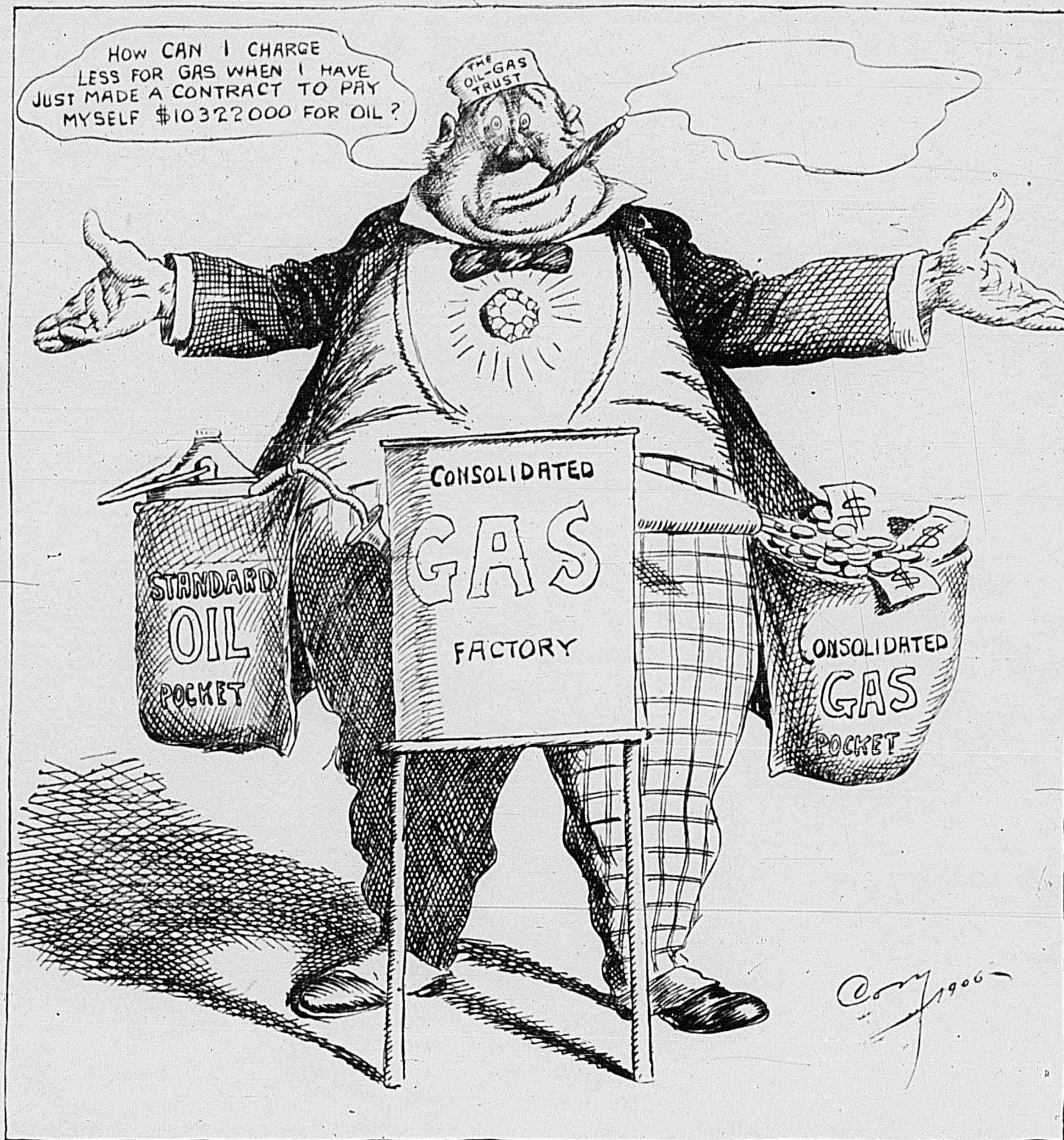
GOOD MUSIC AT LOW RATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING WORLD:

If there are enough music-lovers in New York to support two high-price opera-houses, there are enough to support and make pay a season of opera in English by capable singers (not stars) who could intelligently render grand and standard operas at prices ranging from \$1.50 to 50 cents. If it had been done,

## From Pocket to Pocket.

By J. Campbell Cory.



## Love Affairs of Great Men by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Carlyle and Jane Welsh.



"I LOVE you. All the best feelings of my nature are concerned in loving you. But were you my brother, I should love you the same. . . . But your wife never, never!"

So Jane Bailie Welsh, heiress of Kilmarnock, promised to be a sister to Thomas Carlyle, sage, historian and philosopher. But Carlyle objected to so platonic a declaration. "You love me as a sister, and will not wed," he replied. "I love you in all possible senses of the word and will not wed any more than you."

In 1826 Jane Welsh concluded that her affection for Carlyle, "made up of admiration and sympathy," as she declared it to be, was enough to marry on. And in October of that year, when she was twenty-five and Carlyle about thirty-two, one of the most ill-assorted couples in history were united.

Each approached marriage with the gravest fears. Miss Welsh spoke of her wedding preparations as "horrid circumstances," and each confessed to the other having "horrible imaginations" about their chances of happiness.

Carlyle, from shyness, proposed that his brother John accompany them on the honeymoon—certainly a novel suggestion from a bridegroom. Miss Welsh declined very good-naturedly. "I prohibit John from going with us on an inch of the road," was all she said. The sage prepared unwisely for what his fiancée called the "odious ceremony" by reading Scott's novels as if trying to work himself up into a properly romantic state of mind.

"After all," he wrote to his bride-to-be, "I believe we take this impending ceremony too much to heart. Bless me, have not many people been married before now?"

Miss Welsh thus headed her answer: "The Last Speech and Marrying Words of That Unfortunate Young Woman, Jane Bailie Welsh."

A very worldly woman thus summed up her opinion of matrimony: "Expect something," she said, "to be married, and you'll be disappointed. Expect nothing, and you'll be agreeably surprised."

Neither Carlyle nor his newly made wife expected anything. But the incompatibility of their views and temperaments soon justified their early misgivings. Once while "Frederick the Great" was being written Mrs. Carlyle ventured to take her sewing into the room. Soon the sage complained of the noise she made with her needle. She put away her work and sat silent and motionless. "Jane, I can hear you breathing," said the philosopher impatiently. And Jane, needless to say, left.

Mrs. Carlyle was a charming, witty and clever woman, but she has been described as having a hot temper, and when she was angry, like a cat, "which would take the skin off at a touch." She was, moreover, a highly bred woman. Carlyle was a peasant of genius, but nevertheless a peasant.

Mrs. Carlyle suffered from severe headaches. "Did you meet Thomas going out?" she asked one day of a visitor. "I've been two days on this sofa with a sick headache, and he's only this instant come in and asked me what ailed me! And—well, I've just thrown my teacup at him."

Mrs. Carlyle was jealous—it is generally conceded without cause—of her husband's interest in the brilliant Lady Ashburton. They quarrelled constantly. Yet when Mrs. Carlyle's mother died, her husband addressed her as "My darling," "My poor little woman," "My poor little Jeanie!" in a letter full of tender sympathy and love, and shortly afterward he actually remembered to buy her a birthday present.

Nearly all the sage's letters to his wife were love letters. He wrote her in a kind of philosophic "baby talk." His pet name for her was "My Necessary Evil."

When she died he was inconsolable. They loved each other without doubt, but they found it impossible to live comfortably. Each was too much of a genius to agree with the other. Each should have married a nice, comfortable "cushion" mate. It was to Mrs. Carlyle that Leigh Hunt wrote his charming verse, "Jenny Kissed Me."

"Jenny kissed me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in,  
Time, you thief, who love to get  
Sneaks into your hat, put that in.  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;  
Say that health and wealth have missed me,  
Say I'm growing old, but add,  
Jenny kissed me!"

## The Captain of His District.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## Lucy!

FOR a moment it did seem to Wheeler that he had really killed the girl. She turned so white and sat so still, staring at him vacantly, that he was frightened. She seemed to realize this. "You need not be anxious for me," she said. "I am strong enough to stand the shock. I need not tell you that I have been a shock, and a great one. Richard Vincent promised to marry me, two years ago. I pleaded with him—he always smiled and coaxed me, and said 'when the proper time came.' Then, about a year ago, he changed. There was something about money—I don't know exactly what—but he seemed to turn to Lucy. She was a thin, white thing—not the woman I was—and it seemed strange. Well, we need not go too deeply into our own troubles.

"You want my story first, I suppose, about the identification." There was another silence in which Wheeler studied the lights and shadows on the girl's face. It was a pretty face and not a vicious one. He realized that whatever she had done it was because of the false hopes held out to her by Vincent. He hated Vincent with the virulence of an adder's sting.

"Mr. Wheeler," the girl said suddenly, "take me to Dick."

"Come." They were soon at Bellevue. They found Vincent conscious, with Wheeler in waiting with the young hospital surgeon.

Vincent's eyes rolled toward Marie and then shut. "Marie now," she said, "you need not shun me now. The great barrier of eternity is between us now, but before that last veil is drawn let us do justice to those we have injured. Where is Lucy?" The leader eyes opened and he looked up at her dully for just a second.

"Where is Lucy Carleton?" asked Marie again. "The gazing eyes leaped into fire and then a sardonic grin overspread the once handsome face.

"There was no other answer. Marie and Wheeler stood facing each other, and the captain saw a swift, intelligent look sweep into the girl's eyes, and then—

"Listen," she said. "There is no question now of Lucy being alive and of Vincent's knowledge of her whereabouts. He has placed her somewhere, and the supposition would be that he was paying the expenses. Whatever he thinks no one can find her. Where is his waistcoat?"

Wheeler stared, as did Wetherbee and the hospital surgeon. An attendant answered. "We have it in the office, I believe."

"Let me see it." The garment was brought. Marie quickly taking it in her own hands, felt at a place where there is usually no pocket in a garment of that kind. "I knew that clothing was wool," she said, and fished out a check book.

"There is one thing about Richard Vincent," she said, "that I never knew. He was a miser. Tears came to her eyes as she said it. 'He had another name, under that name John Dair he was—Richard Vincent. I knew where the check book he used as John Dair was kept. He always had this

## No Work for a Lady.

"Boss, ah's lookin' for work." "All right, there's a ton of coal on the sidewalk that must be brought up." "But boss, dat's no work for a lady; mah wife does washin'."—Houston Post.

## Worse Luck.

Mr. Lofly Rhythm—Sir, poets are born—Literary Editor (interrupting)—Yes, confound the luck!

## Intelligence.

"She's awfully original!" said Maude. "Yes," answered Mamie. "Why, she even insists on writing letters because she can't find postcards that say things to suit her."—Washington Star.

## Suppose She'd Been Out?

"What day was I born on, mother?" "Thursday, child." "Wasn't that fortunate! It's your day 'at home'!"—Harper's Weekly.

## Domestic Haps and Mishaps.

By Quincy Scott.



This week's \$5 prize and five \$1 prizes in the competition for "Domestic Haps and Mishaps" suggestions are awarded as follows:

## \$5 PRIZE.

MRS. J. WILSON, Rocky Hill, N. Y., for story of her troubles in the cereals-burglar hunt.

## \$1 PRIZES.

C. F. HASS, Dumont, N. J., for story of how his wife used his razor in making a rug.

MISS R. LEHMAN, No. 439 Fifth Avenue, for story of mistaken identity.

MR. J. HAVENS, box 105, Locust Valley, L. I., for story of maiden aunt who, fearing sewer gas, plugs basin drain and floods house.

MISS ISABEL CERNY, No. 540 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, for story of man who mends wall with plaster of Paris, leaves unguessed plaster powder in baking powder.

MR. W. L. B. Box 105, New York City.

STANTON P. LEE, No. 243 Fifteenth Street, Troy, N. Y., for story of his mouse hunt.

The Evening World is giving \$10 in cash prizes each week for the best suggestions (which need not be accompanied by drawings) for the "Domestic Haps and Mishaps" comic series. Address: "The Comic Editor, Evening World, 157 D. Box 105, New York City."

## "The Vanishing Bride."

A splendid up-to-date New York mystery story, written especially for "The Evening World" by Anna Katherine Green, greatest of detective novelists, will begin exclusive serial publication on this page Monday.